Play Date | Hyunlix

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by orphan_account

Summary

Felix has a problem. He can't sleep. He can't stop thinking about sex. And the sleep paralysis demon at the foot of his bed isn't helping. He's making it worse. So much worse. And Felix wouldn't have it any other way.

Notes

halo :)

and thank you for picking up this book! i'll do my best to keep the writing simple and easy to follow but if anything is unclear, please don't hesitate to comment or ask. although i'll be quite busy, i aim to update more than once a week. thank you again for your support, and I hope you enjoy the story!

⚠Trigger Warnings:

-heavy crude & problematic humour
-rape/non-con
-explicit sexual content
-explicit language
-somnophilia
-dead dove

If any of these topics are uncomfortable for you, please do not proceed. this book is intended for readers 18 and older. If you are underage, I kindly ask that you refrain from reading. thank you again :b

trope: sleep paralysis x insomniac hypersexual

theme: dark romance comedy

top: hyunjin

bottom: felix

playlist:
play date - melanie martinez
recess - melanie martinez
i didn't change my number - billie eilish
my stranger addiction - billie eilish
older - isabel larosa
babydoll - ari abdul
kill shot -magdalena bay
pain - pinkpantheress

enjoy! :D

Chapter 1: fuck me

Felix has a problem.

He can't stop thinking about sex. Like at all. Morning? Sex. Lunch break? Sex. Midnight? Still sex. His brain is basically a broken record on repeat, and the worst part? He doesn't even have a boyfriend.

Now, don't get it twisted—Felix is just like any other normal guy.
Well... except he's gay.
And hypersexual.

Being gay wasn't really the issue. seoul was practically a rainbow parade if you looked hard enough. The real problem? Every guy he met seemed allergic to commitment and obsessed with cheap clubs that smelled like sweat and vodka.

Sure, one-night stands should be perfect for someone like him. Quick, easy, no strings attached. Right? Wrong. Because Felix wasn't exactly thrilled about getting railed by some dude covered in gang tattoos who looked two seconds away from spiking his drink. Call him picky but staying alive was kind of a priority.

Before, it wasn't so bad. Jisung used to help him out. Best friends with benefits. Just a convenient arrangement to keep felix from clawing his own skin off from frustration. But then Minho came along. Minho, Jisung's ridiculously hot, overprotective, scarily possessive boyfriend who looked at Felix like he was plotting an affair every time they so much as hugged.

And just like that, his drought began.

Now Felix was stuck: alone, horny, and tragically unhinged. His nights were spent scrolling through hookup apps he didn't have the courage to use and jerking off.

If God was real, felix was convinced He hated him.

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So now Felix was in bed, currently stroking himself like it was the only thing tethering him to sanity. His room was pitch black except for the glow of his phone screen balanced on his pillow—porn playing on loop, the audio turned so low he could barely hear it over the

sound of his own breathing.

He'd already cum three times. Three. Times. And somehow, his dick was still hard like it had something against him. His thighs trembled every time his fist slid down his length, precum slicking his fingers, but he couldn't stop. Not when every nerve in his body screamed for just one more.

Felix bit down on his lip, stifling a moan. His neighbors were nosy, and the last thing he needed was Mrs. Kim in 3B filing another noise complaint about his "unholy activities" at 2AM. He tilted his head back, eyes squeezing shut, trying to chase that fourth climax.

"Fuck..." he hissed into the empty room, voice hoarse.

His sheets were a mess—sticky and twisted around his legs, clinging to his sweaty skin. His phone screen dimmed, but he didn't even bother tapping it awake; the video wasn't doing much for him anymore. Nothing ever did. No amount of pixelated strangers could scratch the itch clawing at his insides.

He wrapped his other hand around the base of his cock, squeezing lightly, teasing himself until his hips jerked up off the bed. His breath hitched. Almost there.

One hand slid lower, cupping himself, squeezing like he used to beg Jisung to. His back arched, toes curling against the mattress.

"God, I need—" Felix cut himself off with a choked whimper, his body tensing, pleasure ripping through him. He came hard, spilling across his stomach, shuddering so violently it almost hurt.

And yet, even as he lay there, panting, his chest rising and falling, the ache didn't fade. His cock twitched against his palm, already swelling again like it was mocking him.

He stared at the ceiling, sweat dripping into his hairline, and groaned. "I'm gonna die like this," he muttered to himself, wiping at his stomach with a crumpled tissue.

He tossed it somewhere toward the trash can and missed completely. Whatever. He could clean later.

For a moment, he just lay there, staring blankly into the dark. His heart was still racing, pulse pounding in his ears. His body was exhausted, but his brain? His brain was screaming for more.

He dragged a shaky hand down his face. "One more," he whispered, already wrapping his fingers around himself again, because what else was there to do? Sleep? Not happening. Not tonight.

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Felix groaned loudly into his palms, muffling what probably sounded like a dying animal. "Can't you just tell him it's an emergency??" he whined, voice cracking on the last word.

Across the table, Jisung clicked his tongue, sipping his iced latte with the most annoying calmness ever. "Felix, babe, I love you," he said flatly, "but Minho would literally castrate me with a butter knife if I so much as looked at your ass. Don't think I don't want to—I mean, your ass is like god-tier—but I'm not a cheater."

Felix peeked out between his fingers, glaring. "So you're telling me you'd rather stay faithful than save your best friend from dying of dick starvation?"

"Yes."

"Heartless," Felix grumbled, slumping back in his chair.

The two of them were tucked into a corner of a small café, half-empty cups and crumbs scattered on their table. Felix stabbed aggressively at the remains of his cheesecake with his fork, sulking. Thank goddess his usual horniness wasn't gnawing at him today. Probably because last night he came seven times. Seven. He should've been in a coma.

Instead, here he was, alive, horny, and begging his best friend for a mercy fuck.

He dropped his fork and sighed dramatically. "Fine. If you won't rail me, at least hook me up with someone. Anyone."

Jisung raised a brow. "Didn't you already burn through my entire roster?"

Felix squinted. "...Not all of them."

"Name one I haven't handed you on a platter."

Felix opened his mouth, then closed it. Okay, fair. There was Changbin. God, Changbin. Built like a tank, fucks like one too. Felix had hooked up with him twice, and while it was good—like, seeing stars, legs shaking good—Bin had been going through some post-breakup existential crisis lately, and now sex was apparently "emotionally draining" for him. Lame.

Then there was Bangchan. Sweet, soft Bangchan, who kissed like he was afraid Felix might break. He was a walking green flag, and as much as Felix adored him, he didn't need soft right now. He needed someone to rearrange his spine, not hold his hand afterward and ask if he was okay.

And Jeongin... Jesus, Jeongin. Unhinged didn't even begin to cover him. Sex with him was like ascending to heaven and crash-landing straight into hell. Jeongin didn't stop. Even when Felix sobbed out safewords between breaths, Jeongin would just smirk, slow down for half a second, and then go right back to pounding him until Felix's ass was raw and he couldn't walk the next day. It was terrifying. It was glorious. Too bad Jeongin had zero interest in dating; Felix was just one name in his endless roster of hookups.

And Seungmin? Bottom. Mutual masturbation buddies at best.

Felix groaned louder, dragging his hands down his face. "Jisung, I'm serious. I'm gonna combust. My dick's gonna fall off. I need something."

Jisung snorted. "Sounds like a you problem."

Felix shot him a dead glare. "I hate you."

"No, you don't," Jisung said, grinning.

"I hate you and your stupid faithful relationship," Felix muttered, crossing his arms. His thighs pressed together instinctively at the thought. He hated how needy he was—how desperate he felt just sitting here, listening to Jisung talk about Minho like he wasn't the hottest man alive who could bench press Felix without breaking a sweat.

Felix dropped his head to the table with a thud. "Please just one night. No one has to know." His voice was muffled against the wood, pathetic and pleading.

"Minho would know," Jisung replied without missing a beat.

"How?"

"He's psychic. Or he's implanted a tracker in my dick. Either way, I'm not risking it."

Felix let out a strangled noise that sounded halfway between a sob and a laugh. His brain was fried. His dick hurt. His life was a joke.

He sat up. "Fine. You know what? If you won't fuck me, I'll find someone else. Some random stranger. I'll die in a back alley but at least I'll die empty."

Jisung didn't even flinch. "Cool. Text me your location before you go so I can identify your body."

Felix glared daggers at him. "You're useless."

Jisung smirked. "You're dramatic."

Felix slumped back again, pulling his hoodie up over his face. "One day," he mumbled from under the fabric, "one day, I'll find someone who rails me into the floor and loves me for it."

Jisung laughed, leaning back. "And that's the dream baby."

Chapter 2: jerk

Chapter Notes

⚠chapter contains: masturbation

Oh yeah, did felix mention he was insomniac?

A living hell. Truly. Felix averaged two to five hours of sleep, on a good night. And that was only if his dick decided to show him mercy and give him a break. Spoiler alert: it usually didn't. Most nights ended in him staring at the ceiling at 4AM, brain fried, body exhausted, but still jerking himself raw because apparently his sex drive was satan's favorite joke.

Tonight was no different.

Felix lay sprawled on his bed like a corpse, eyes wide open, counting the cracks in his ceiling like that would magically bore him to sleep. It didn't. His hips shifted against the sheets uselessly, that familiar ache simmering low in his stomach. His head thudded back against the pillow.

God, he was pathetic.

He rolled onto his side, glaring at the glowing red numbers on his alarm clock. 3:47AM. Awesome. Another night ruined.

Felix threw an arm over his face, groaning into the darkness. "Ugh, why am I like this," he muttered to no one.

His brain, ever the helpful demon it was, piped up immediately: You could always grab the dildo.

He groaned louder.

Because yes, he had a dildo collection. Did he want to admit that out loud? No. But was it true? Absolutely. It was tucked neatly in his closet, organized by size like some twisted personal museum of bad decisions. And sure, it helped sometimes—but let's be for real.

Plastic could never compare.

No silicone toy in the world could mimic the heat of skin-on-skin, the weight of someone pinning him down, the stretch of real, thick, hard,

veiny—

Felix smacked his pillow over his face and let out a strangled scream.

This was insane. He was insane. How was he supposed to live like this? Just endlessly horny, restless, and tired? He'd die before thirty at this rate.

He rolled over again, kicking at his twisted sheets until they pooled at the foot of the bed. His cock was half-hard already. His thighs rubbed together unconsciously.

He stared at the ceiling fan, dead-eyed. Dildo or handjob. The eternal debate.

He even sat up at one point, legs dangling over the side of the bed, staring at his closet door like it was taunting him. His mind conjured the image of the biggest one he owned—black, curved just right, thick enough to make his breath hitch when he took it all. God, just thinking about it made him twitch.

But then he flopped backward dramatically like a victorian maiden fainting. "No," he muttered aloud. "I'm better than this."

Pause.

"…Am I?"

Spoiler: he was not.

Felix dragged a hand down his face, groaning again. the ache between his legs was unbearable, his skin hot and restless, every nerve screaming at him to just do something.

He threw his head back with a loud, defeated sigh. "Fine. One more," he whispered to himself, like he wasn't already on jerk-off session number five tonight.

His hand slipped down under the waistband of his sleep shorts automatically, fingers curling around his cock, and oh—yep, there it was. That rush of relief, sharp and consuming, like scratching an itch that had been burning him alive all night.

Felix bit down hard on his lip, trying to stay quiet. Mrs. Kim didn't need more fuel for her "concerned citizen" letters about his "lewd nighttime activities." His hips lifted off the mattress involuntarily, a

low, desperate moan muffled in his throat.

Felix was losing it.
Like, fully.

His cock throbbed in his fist, angry and red, slick with precum that smeared over his knuckles every time he pumped down. His hips rolled up instinctively, chasing the friction like a man starved. His free hand gripped his thigh so hard his nails left little crescents in his skin, then slowly crept up—over the faint ridges of his abs, higher still until his fingers brushed across his own nipple.

“Oh—fuck,” he gasped, head tipping back as his fingers twisted the sensitive nipple. His body arched off the bed, like he was trying to fuck into his own hand and escape himself at the same time.

His ass clenched uselessly against the sheets, like it knew exactly what it wanted and was mocking him. The ache was unbearable. God, he needed something in him so bad he could cry. He pictured it—spreading himself open on his own fingers, the stretch, the sting, the obscene wet sounds filling the room if he just…

Felix whined, the sound embarrassingly high-pitched, muffled quickly by biting down on his lip until it stung.

“God, I need—fuck—” he muttered to himself, thumb dragging hard over his leaking tip. His entire body jolted at the sensation. It was almost too much and somehow not enough all at once.

His free hand slid back down to his cock, palm rubbing the tip now. He stroked himself hard, twisting at the head on every upward pull, pressing his thumbs right against that painfully sensitive slit until his thighs trembled. His toes curled against the sheets, calves tightening, hips jerking up like he had no control left.

He pinched his nipple again, harder this time, letting his head fall back with a loud choked moan. His hole fluttered, empty and needy, clenching down on nothing.

His eyes flickered to the closet again.
The fucking dildo.

Do it. Get it.

He squeezed his eyes shut, stroking himself faster, desperately, almost punishing himself for not just giving in. His precum was dripping now,

slicking his cock and sliding down his hand in sticky strings, making wet noises every time his fist dragged up. His hips bucked into his touch, shameless, his breath ragged and desperate.

God, I need to be filled so fucking bad.

he groaned, his hand flying faster. His other hand pinched his nipple again, twisting until it almost hurt—his body jolted with the pain and pleasure tangled together, his cock twitching violently.

He squeezed down harder on himself, thumb digging cruelly into his slit until he hissed, thighs clenching, his ass flexing helplessly. he could feel it—the ache deep in his gut, that empty pull in his hole, his own fingers twitching with the urge to reach back and press inside just to shut his brain up.

Felix bit down hard on his lip, choking back a scream as his hips thrust up, messy and frantic. He imagined it—imagined a big, thick cock splitting him open raw, pinning him down into the mattress, holding him there until he cried. That image alone nearly tipped him over.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck—” His fist blurred over his cock, his thumb grinding down mercilessly on his leaking tip as his other hand clawed at his chest, nails dragging faint red lines over his skin.

He was so close it hurt. His ass clenched tight again, sharp and desperate, and he swore he’d lose his mind if he didn’t feel something inside him right now. His hole fluttered pathetically against the sheets, the sensation almost enough to push him over the edge.

His head dipped back against the pillow, throat raw as he whimpered brokenly into the empty room, body tight and trembling, pleasure coiling hot and mean in his belly.

One more twist of his wrist. One more drag of his thumb over his aching slit.

Felix came with a strangled sob, hips jerking as thick ropes of cum spurted across his stomach and chest, dripping down over his abs. His back arched off the mattress, his toes curling until they cramped.

He collapsed back down, panting raggedly, sweat-slick hair sticking to his forehead. His fist loosened weakly, but his cock… oh no. Still hard. Still twitching.

Felix groaned into his palm, dragging it down his face like he wanted to peel his own skin off. “I’m gonna fucking die.”

Chapter 3: babydoll

Chapter Notes

⚠chapter contains: rape, non-con, rough sex, demon/human sex

a/n: listen to 'BABYDOLL' by ari abdul while reading this chapter :b

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Felix's eyes fluttered open, heavy and slow, his body sinking into the mattress like it was swallowing him whole.

The ceiling blurred above him for a second before sharpening into cold reality. His room was still dark—silent, except for the faint hum of the ceiling fan. But there was something else.

Something wrong.

A slick wet sensation trailed along the inside of his thigh.

His breath hitched.

He tried to move—to look down, to see what the hell was happening—but his body didn't respond. Not his fingers, not his legs, nothing. Panic bloomed sharp and cold in his chest.

And then—a whisper.

"Don't move babydoll."

The voice was deep. Silky. Too close. Right against his ear, hot breath ghosting over his skin.

Felix's heart lurched violently, his pulse hammering in his throat. He tried to turn his head—anything—but his body stayed frozen, locked in place like he was trapped inside himself.

From the corner of his eye, there was nothing there. Just shadows. Just empty suffocating dark.

A bead of sweat slid down his temple.he hadn't even noticed he was sweating.

And then it came again—the touch. A hand this time. Strong. Smooth.

Sliding higher, slow enough to make his skin slick, until it cupped his ass.

Felix's breath hitched sharply, a strangled noise caught in his throat. He wanted to scream, but nothing came out. His voice was gone, smothered, like the air itself was pressing down on him.

The whisper returned, softer now, but sharp enough to cut through the quiet.

"Shhh. You've been restless all night."

Felix's eyes widened in terror. He hadn't told anyone. No one knew.

The hand gripped his ass tighter, fingers digging in. A thumb dragged across the seam of his shorts, pressing just enough to make his cock twitch.

Felix whimpered silently, his lungs burning, panic and arousal colliding so violently it made his vision swim.

Then warm lips brushed his jaw. just a graze, like a tease, before they moved to his ear again.

"You wanted this didn't you?" The voice was darkly amused now, deep and honey-smooth. "you were begging for it."

The slithering touch slipped lower, dragging over his inner thigh—closer, closer, until it ghosted against his hole through the thin fabric of his shorts.

Felix's hips jerked instinctively, but they barely moved an inch. His body was a prison.

He wanted to scream, cry, anything. But the only sound that came out was a tiny, broken whimper.

The voice chuckled lowly, vibrating against his ear.

"Good boy," it murmured.

And then Felix felt it—teeth. Sharp, grazing along his neck. Not biting, not yet.

His heart pounded so hard it hurt.

The hand slid lower still, curling between his thighs, fingers pressing

against the soaked fabric of his shorts where he was already leaking.

"Mm... so wet already?" The whisper was mocking, but there was a hunger to it. "Adorable little thing. you really can't help yourself, can you?"

felix's vision blurred at the edges. his chest rose and fell in ragged, soundless gasps.

The unseen fingers toyed with him lazily, tracing slow circles over his slit through the damp fabric, dragging out his helpless twitching.

Then, another whisper—quieter this time. Almost tender.

"Relax for me, babydoll. I'll take care of you."

Felix's lungs burned. He could feel every inch of himself locked in place, muscles screaming, nerves on fire.

A warm hand stroked slowly along his cock through his shorts, each deliberate drag over the damp fabric making him twitch harshly.

A tongue—hot, wet—slid along his neck, slow and taunting, leaving a slick trail up to his jaw. a choked, strangled cry barely spilled past felix's throat. He couldn't move. Couldn't scream.

And then another hand.

It pinched his nipple cruelly through his thin shirt, rolling it between strong fingers until pain shot through his chest sharp enough to make tears spring hot in his eyes. His hips jerked uselessly, his body betraying him even as he sobbed soundlessly.

Felix's throat strained, every vein in his neck standing out as he forced a hoarse, broken plea. "stop... please—"

It barely came out. A whisper, a ghost of a voice swallowed by the dark.

The tongue at his neck paused only long enough for a deep hum to vibrate against his skin. The voice followed, dripping with mock sympathy. "oh, baby... you don't sound like you really want me to stop."

Felix whimpered, his body trembling violently despite being frozen stiff. His cock throbbed helplessly against the palm teasing him through the damp fabric, precum soaking through the front of his

shorts in a humiliating mess.

The thumb on his nipple twisted harder, sharp pain shooting down his spine, making his hips jolt. The hand at his cock squeezed, slow and firm, just enough to make his vision blur with white-hot pleasure.

"No—no, please," Felix croaked, tears sliding down his cheeks bones. His chest heaved shallowly, lungs screaming for air.

But then—the hand cupped him harder, fingers curling possessively over his length, stroking languidly as if savoring every reaction. s

"such a needy little thing," the voice purred against his ear, the tongue darting out again to lick a stripe over his pulse point. His cock twitched painfully, and he wanted to scream.

Felix sobbed, wet and broken, tears pooling at the corners of his eyes. His mind screamed stop stop stop but his traitorous body arched weakly into the touch.

"Shh," the whisper soothed, cruel and tender all at once. "Just relax. Let me play with you."

The unseen fingers pinched his nipple even harder, dragging another sharp cry from his throat, while the other hand pumped slow, teasing strokes against his aching cock through his shorts. His hips twitched helplessly, thighs quivering, sweat slicking his skin.

Felix gasped through his teeth, terror and arousal tangling thickly in his chest. He couldn't think, couldn't breathe, couldn't—

The voice husked low in his ear.

"Good boy. cry for me."

Felix's chest heaved in shallow, frantic bursts, the weight of the invisible hands pinning him down like a nightmare he couldn't wake from. His pulse roared in his ears, drowning out everything—everything except that voice.

"Mmm... look at you," it crooned softly, teasing fingers stroking over his cock again, pressing down just enough to make Felix choke on a sob. "So pretty when you cry."

Felix's eyes darted wildly in the dark, but then—movement.

A shadow peeled itself from the darkness. It stretched tall, impossibly

tall, gliding closer, silent as death itself. Felix's breath hitched sharply, tears streaking hot down his cheeks.

And then—he saw him.

A figure leaned over him, face finally catching the faint glow of moonlight bleeding in through the curtains. Pale skin. Sharp, inhumanly beautiful features. Eyes—christ—eyes like molten silver, glowing faintly in the dark, fixed hungrily on him.

Felix's heart stammered in his chest.

Hyunjin.

He didn't even know how he knew the name, but it clawed itself into his brain like it had always been there.

The figure smirked, lips curling slow, dangerous. "Nighty, babydoll," he murmured, lowering himself until his weight pressed fully against Felix's trembling body, pinning him down completely.

Felix's mouth opened, desperate to scream, but all that came out was a hoarse, broken sob. His hands—his hands wouldn't move, his fingers clawing uselessly at the sheets beneath him.

Hyunjin's tongue licked a hot, wet stripe up Felix's neck, ending just below his ear. "You taste scared," he purred, biting down lightly—just enough to make Felix jolt violently beneath him. "Mm. I like it."

Felix's chest trembled with another silent sob. "P-please," he croaked, voice trembling. "D-don't—"

"Don't what?" Hyunjin interrupted smoothly, one hand dragging down Felix's chest, fingers pinching his nipple again—harder this time, sharp pain flaring so intensely it made Felix gasp. "Don't touch you?"

The hand over his cock gave another slow, cruel squeeze.

"Or don't stop?"

Felix whimpered brokenly, his hips jerking despite himself. His body betrayed him at every turn, trembling under Hyunjin's touch.

Hyunjin chuckled lowly, leaning in close enough that his breath ghosted hot over Felix's lips. "Your mouth says stop," he murmured, "but this—" his hand squeezed Felix's cock again, pulling a weak, desperate noise from his throat "—this says something else."

Felix's thighs trembled, his whole body quaking as Hyunjin's tongue traced along his jaw. The demon's free hand slithered lower, gripping Felix's ass possessively, kneading the flesh like it belonged to him.

"You've been so restless, haven't you?" Hyunjin whispered, his voice honey-dark, velvet and vicious. "Begging for someone to ruin you. Crying into your pillow, touching yourself like a filthy little whore. Did you think I wouldn't hear?"

Felix sobbed, tears sliding hot into his hairline.

Hyunjin's glowing eyes locked onto his, sharp and merciless. "I'm here now, doll," he said, voice low and hungry. His hips pressed down, grinding slow against Felix's, and Felix felt it—hot, hard.

"Let me fuck you until you can't remember your own name."

Felix whimpered helplessly, his cock twitching violently against Hyunjin's hand. His mouth opened, desperate to speak—to say no, or yes, or something—but all that came out was a ragged, needy sound that made Hyunjin's smirk widen like the devil himself had won.

Felix gasped as his legs were wrenched apart effortlessly, the sheets twisting beneath him. His body jolted, unresponsive but hyper-aware, every nerve lit up as Hyunjin's grip forced his thighs wide.

"God, look at you," Hyunjin murmured lowly, voice dripping with dark amusement. His hand slid beneath Felix's hips, lifting his ass up off the bed like he weighed nothing, forcing him into a humiliating arch.

Felix whimpered, throat raw. "P-please... don't—"

"Shhh," Hyunjin soothed mockingly, leaning down to press a wet kiss against Felix's trembling neck. "You don't mean that."

Felix flinched violently when he felt it—something hard, hot, and thick rubbing against his hole through the thin barrier of his damp shorts. Hyunjin rolled his hips lazily, grinding against him, each drag slow and obscene.

His fingers twitched uselessly, still frozen, as Hyunjin's voice dropped low and cruel.

"Fuck, you're so tight even through the fabric. Can you feel that, sweetheart?"

Felix whimpered, shaking his head desperately. "S-stop, please, I—"

Hyunjin chuckled darkly, pulling back just enough to rip Felix's shorts down in one harsh motion, the sound of tearing fabric cutting through the heavy silence. Cool air hit Felix's bare skin, and his face burned hot with humiliation.

Before he could even process it, Hyunjin's hands gripped his ass firmly, spreading him open. His hole clenched instinctively, exposed and vulnerable.

"Mmm," Hyunjin hummed, dragging the blunt head of his cock over Felix's entrance, slicking it with precum. "You're twitching already. Fucking perfect."

"No—no, wait, please, it's too—"

Hyunjin didn't wait.

With a sharp, brutal thrust, he shoved inside.

Felix screamed. His back arched violently, pain tearing through him as the demon split him open. His hole stretched painfully wide around Hyunjin's cock, burning, stinging.

"Shh, baby," Hyunjin groaned lowly, hips snapping forward again, burying himself deeper until he was fully seated inside Felix. "God, you feel fucking perfect."

Felix sobbed, tears streaming hot down his cheeks. "S-stop, please, hurts—ahh, hurts–"

Hyunjin only smirked, pulling almost all the way out before slamming back in brutally. Felix cried out again, the sound breaking high and sharp.

"Fuck—tight little hole's choking me," Hyunjin grunted, setting a vicious pace, his hips pistoning hard and fast. every thrust punched the breath from Felix's lungs, the bed creaking under the force.

Felix's hands clawed weakly at the sheets, his cries dissolving into raw, broken pleas. "P-please—stop–I can't—I c-can't-"

But Hyunjin didn't stop. If anything, he fucked harder. His grip on Felix's hips was bruising, fingers digging in deep as he used Felix's body like it was his own personal toy.

Each thrust hit deep—so deep Felix swore he could feel it in his stomach, pain laced with unbearable pleasure until he saw stars and his thighs shook uncontrollably.

"Beg louder," Hyunjin rasped against his ear, his teeth grazing Felix's skin cruelly. "I wanna hear you scream for me."

Felix sobbed raggedly, his voice hoarse. "N-no more—please—"

Hyunjin slammed in harder, dragging a sharp cry out of him. "Mm, fuck—love when you beg."

Felix's cock twitched helplessly, traitorous and hard despite the tears streaking his face. His body clenched around Hyunjin's cock with every brutal thrust, earning a dark laugh from above him.

"See?" Hyunjin taunted, fucking him deeper, faster, until the sound of skin slapping filled the room. "Your mouth says stop, but this greedy little hole—" he slammed in hard, making Felix choke on a scream "—just keeps sucking me in."

Felix's head thrashed weakly side to side, his pleas devolving into sobs. His body trembled violently, his hole raw and stretched wide around Hyunjin, every brutal snap of hips forcing out another strangled cry.

Hyunjin gripped Felix's chin, forcing his tear-streaked face up. His glowing eyes burned down at him, cruel and hungry.

"Look at me, baby," he growled, slamming in so hard Felix's breath hitched sharp. "Watch me while I ruin you."

Felix sobbed, his blurred vision locking on those glowing eyes as the demon fucked him mercilessly.

Chapter End Notes

sorry if yall icked at 'babydoll'..

i know its a cringe pet name but like ;-;

Chapter 4: dear god

“So,” Jisung began, his voice crackling through the phone speaker, “let me get this straight. You’re telling me… your sleep paralysis demon—fucked you. And that’s why you can’t come over. Because you can’t walk. And you’re sure he rearranged your spine.”

There was a long pause.

“Yes,” Felix croaked hoarsely, sprawled face-down on his bed, voice muffled by the pillow he was currently drooling into.

Jisung snorted so loud Felix had to pull the phone away from his ear. “Oh my god. I leave you alone for one night and you’re out here raw-dogging hellspawn?”

“I didn’t raw-dog anyone,” Felix wheezed, his legs trembling just from existing. “He raw-dogged me, Ji. Me.”

Jisung cackled, absolutely losing it. “So what, he just crawled out of the void, pinned you down, and went, ‘sup, I’m here to split you in half’?”

Felix groaned into his pillow. “Yes. And he did, Jisung. He—he didn’t even warm me up properly. I think my organs are out of order. I’ve been seeing God in flashes every time I blink.”

“You’re literally insane,” Jisung said through laughter. “What even is your life? Who does this happen to?”

Felix rolled onto his back with a pathetic whimper, wincing. “I don’t know, but I can’t stand up without my knees buckling like an inbred autistic baby horse. My ass feels like i was fucked by the eiffel fucking tower.”

“Oh my god,” Jisung wheezed. “Did he at least, like, kiss you after? Or was it straight-up demonic hate sex?”

Felix covered his face with one arm dramatically. “No aftercare. None. Zero. He bit me and then vanished into thin air like some cursed one-night stand from the conjuring.”

“Holy shit.”

“And Ji—” Felix’s voice cracked halfway through, “—I think I liked

it.”

Silence.

“...Felix,” Jisung said slowly, all traces of laughter gone. “You’re telling me you got railed by an actual supernatural entity, and your takeaway is, ‘I’d hit again’?”

Felix groaned helplessly. “He called me sweetheart.”

“Oh my fucking god.”

“I—he—Jisung, I swear I’ve never been fucked like that in my life. my soul left my body. I saw my grandma in the corner cheering me on. I’m ruined. No mortal man could ever compete now.”

Jisung made an offended sound. “Okay, rude. First of all, I’ve seen you cry over a guy because he used his tongue once. Your standards were already in hell.”

Felix shot upright—or tried to. His abs screamed in protest and he collapsed back down with a loud groan. “No, Ji, you don’t get it. He folded me in half. I think I unlocked a new position that doesn’t exist in human geometry. My spine audibly cracked.”

Jisung was wheezing so hard now he could barely breathe. “I’m picturing Casper with a dick and I hate it.”

“He’s hot!” Felix yelled into the receiver, voice breaking like he was about to cry. “He’s so fucking hot! Like—like if sin was a person!”

“You’re mental.”

Felix stared blankly at the ceiling. “If he shows up again tonight, I’m letting him do it.”

Jisung groaned, pinching the bridge of his nose audibly through the phone. “You need therapy. And holy water.”

“And dick,” Felix muttered.

“FELIX.”

-

Ffelix was on his knees on his bed, hands clasped tightly together, head bowed like a man repenting for sins he absolutely was not sorry for.

“Dear God,” he started solemnly, clearing his throat dramatically. “It’s me again. Your gayest horniest mistake.”

He peeked one eye open, glancing at the ceiling like he was making sure god was even listening. “Listen, I know I don’t pray much—okay, at all—but this is an emergency. Please, if You’re real, if You care about Your suffering little creatures down here…” He swallowed thickly. “Send me my demon back tonight.”

Felix clutched his hands tighter, squeezing his eyes shut in sheer desperation.

“I promise I’m not ungrateful okay? Like, that dick was—” he paused reverently, nodding once to himself. “A religious experience. Top ten things that have ever happened to me. maybe top three if I count that time Starbucks got my name right.”

He bit his lip, shuffling nervously on his knees. “but… can You please, like… let me move this time? Just for five minutes. Not even to fight him! I just wanna scold him for not doing aftercare. Like, bare minimum. A glass of water? A blanket? A kiss goodnight?”

Felix sighed dramatically, tilting his head up to the ceiling. “Lord, I am down bad. I’m on my knees, literally and spiritually. If You send him back tonight, I swear I’ll light a candle in church or something. Maybe two.”

He hesitated, then added under his breath, “And also… maybe make him fuck me again. Hard. Like, ruin-me-hard. Please. Amen.”

Felix let his hands drop into his lap, nodding like he’d just conducted very official business with God Himself. He shuffled onto his butt, flopping back onto the bed with a loud sigh.

“Okay,” he muttered to himself, pulling his blanket over his legs. “Round two baby. Let’s go.”

He even wriggled into what he thought was a “seductive” position, lying on his side, arching his ass back a little because, hey—if he was manifesting a demon dick appointment, he was committing.

Felix closed his eyes, heart thudding in his chest, whispering one last little plea into the dark. “Please rail me again, scary hot demon man.”

Chapter 5: im back

Chapter Notes

⚠chapter contains: rough sex

Felix's eyes fluttered open slowly, his lashes sticking together from how heavy they felt. For a second, he thought he was dreaming—until he felt it. that warm, teasing sensation ghosting down his back.

A shiver ran through him.

And then, that voice.

"I'm back, babydoll."

Felix's heart stopped. His breath caught in his throat.

Holy shit. He was here.

Then—without even thinking—his finger twitched.

Felix blinked rapidly. Wait. He could... move?

A strangled, disbelieving laugh escaped him. "No way," he whispered hoarsely, pushing himself up onto his elbows. His limbs felt heavy, sluggish, but they worked. He twisted around slowly—

And there he was.

Hyunjin sat casually at the edge of the bed like he owned it. His glowing eyes locked on Felix hungrily, lips curved in a wicked smirk. His hair was messy but smooth, and he looked... unreal. Too perfect. Too dangerous.

"You—" Felix's voice cracked, pointing a finger at him. "You didn't do aftercare."

Hyunjin tilted his head, amused. "That's your first complaint?"

Felix scrambled to sit upright, glaring—even if it was hard to keep his eyes off how devastatingly hot the demon looked in the dim light. "Yes! You rail me into another dimension and then vanish? No water? No cuddles? No—no 'good job, pretty boy'?!"

Hyunjin chuckled lowly, the sound sending goosebumps down Felix's spine. He leaned forward, his hand pressing to the mattress, caging Felix in with effortless dominance. "Aw," he drawled, voice smooth as silk, "my poor little doll wanted cuddles?"

Felix's face burned. "I—yes i did! got a problem?!"

Hyunjin's smirk widened, his fingers brushing along Felix's jaw, tilting his chin up. "You prayed for me," he murmured, his voice laced with smug satisfaction. "I heard every word."

Felix froze, mortification flooding his face hot red. "You—what?!"

Hyunjin's thumb grazed his bottom lip, eyes glowing brighter, predatory. "You begged for me to come back." His tone dropped lower, rougher. "You begged for me to fuck you again."

Felix's mouth fell open, words stuck in his throat. His heart hammered so loud.

Hyunjin leaned in close, lips brushing his ear as he whispered, "And I intend to give you exactly what you asked for."

Felix's breath hitched violently.

Then, before he could even respond, Hyunjin's hands gripped his thighs, dragging him forward on the bed with ease. Felix yelped, his body colliding against Hyunjin's chest, caged in by his strength.

"W-wait—" Felix stammered, clutching weakly at Hyunjin's shirt.

Hyunjin smirked, his lips hovering a breath from Felix's. "No waiting tonight, babydoll."

Felix gasped as Hyunjin shoved him gently but firmly back onto the mattress, his knees sinking into the sheets on either side of Felix's hips. The demon's hands slid down, gripping his thighs and spreading them open without hesitation, forcing Felix to arch slightly in surprise.

"W–wait!" Felix stammered, his fingers digging into the sheets. "I don't even—" his voice hitched as Hyunjin's palms pressed his thighs wider, "—I don't even know what the hell you are!"

Hyunjin chuckled darkly, leaning over him, his breath warm against Felix's ear. "Sweetheart," he murmured, voice dripping like honeyed poison, "does it matter what I am when you're this wet for me?"

Felix shuddered, his face burning hot. "You–you're—! that's not—"

Hyunjin's hand trailed up felix's thigh, fingers teasing dangerously close to where he needed him most. his lips brushed felix's jaw, sharp teeth grazing the skin. "Say my name."

Felix blinked, breath catching in his throat. "I—what?!"

Hyunjin's glowing eyes locked on him, intense enough to steal the air from his lungs. His hand squeezed Felix's thigh tighter, nails barely scratching. "Say my name, babydoll."

Felix let out a shaky laugh, half-panicked, half-flustered. "I don't—I don't even know your name!"

That wicked smirk curved Hyunjin's mouth again, like he'd been waiting for that answer. He dipped lower, lips ghosting over Felix's ear, his voice a sinful whisper:

"Hyunjin."

Felix froze. The name felt heavy in the air, dripping with power. His chest heaved, his heart pounding so loud it echoed in his ears.

Hyunjin's hand cupped the back of Felix's neck, tilting his head until their eyes met—those glowing, dangerous eyes that seemed to burn right through him.

"Say it," hyunjin ordered.

Felix's lips parted, trembling. "Hyu–hyunjin..."

Hyunjin growled approvingly, his grip tightening as he shoved Felix's legs up higher, bending him in half effortlessly. "Good boy," he purred. "Now scream it."

Before Felix could process, Hyunjin pressed forward, his cock grinding hot and heavy against his hole through the thin fabric of his shorts. Felix gasped sharply, clawing at the sheets.

"W-wait—!" he squeaked. "I still don't even—!"

Hyunjin smirked down at him darkly. "You'll know everything, sweetheart," he drawled, his hips grinding harder, "by the time I'm done ruining you."

Felix whimpered, his head tipping back helplessly.

Hyunjin didn't give Felix a chance to breathe. One sharp tug and Felix's shorts were shredded—literally ripped apart like they were nothing. Felix gasped, heat flooding his face as the cool air hit his bare skin.

"Wai–wait!" Felix squeaked, but his words dissolved into a choked moan as Hyunjin yanked him closer, spreading him wide.

Hyunjin's eyes gleamed hungrily as he stroked his cock, thick and flushed, the tip dripping as it pressed against Felix's fluttering hole. "Look at you," he snarled, leaning down until his lips brushed Felix's ear. "Already trembling for me. You've been waiting for this, haven't you?"

Felix whimpered, shaking his head weakly, but his hips betrayed him —arching up, desperate and needy.

Hyunjin chuckled darkly. "Liar."

And then—he slammed in.

Felix's scream ripped through the room, raw and breathless, his hands flying up to claw helplessly at Hyunjin's shoulders. "F-FUCK—!" His back arched off the bed violently, his legs trembling as Hyunjin buried himself to the hilt in one brutal thrust.

"Shh..." Hyunjin purred, his hips grinding deep, making Felix sob out brokenly. "You can take it. You were made for me, babydoll."

Felix's nails raked down Hyunjin's back, his voice high and panicked. "I—it's too much—!I can't—!"

"You can," Hyunjin groaned, pulling back only to slam back in even harder, the force of it knocking Felix further up the bed. The sound of skin slapping filled the room, wet and obscene.

Felix cried out, tears streaming down his flushed cheeks as his hands scrambled for purchase. "Please! pl–please slow the fuck down—!"

Hyunjin just grinned cruelly, pinning Felix's wrists above his head with one hand, his other gripping his thigh so tight it left bruises. "No slowing down tonight, sweetheart. You prayed for me to ruin you? I'm just answering."

Felix sobbed, his legs trembling violently as Hyunjin pounded into him relentlessly, each thrust hitting so deep he swore he could feel it

in his stomach. His hole ached, stretched wide and raw, slick and messy from how merciless Hyunjin was.

"Say my name," Hyunjin ordered again, voice sharp and commanding.

Felix shook his head frantically, gasping. "I—I can't—!"

Hyunjin slammed into him harder, forcing a scream out of Felix's throat. "Say it."

Felix's back bowed off the bed, his voice cracking on a wail: "HY–HYUNJIN!"

Hyunjin growled approvingly, fucking him even deeper, faster, until Felix was nothing but a sobbing, writhing mess beneath him. The bed creaked violently, the headboard banging against the wall in time with each brutal thrust.

"Good boy," Hyunjin murmured, leaning down to bite at Felix's neck, sharp teeth dragging along his skin. "Cry for me."

Felix's tears soaked the pillow, his voice broken as he sobbed out Hyunjin's name again and again, his legs quivering uncontrollably. "H-hurts—! F-feels—so—good—!"

Hyunjin groaned low in his chest, rutting into him harder, angling his hips just right until Felix screamed—loud, back arching violently.

"There it is," Hyunjin smirked darkly, pinning him down completely, pounding into him so hard Felix saw stars. "That's it, babydoll. Let me hear you fall apart."

Chapter 6: scolding

felix sat slumped in the café booth, oversized hoodie swallowing him whole, his legs pressed tightly together because walking still felt like punishment from God. His iced Americano sat untouched in front of him, condensation dripping onto the table.

Across from him, Jisung stared, sipping his latte like he was so done.

“And he didn’t even do proper aftercare!” Felix whined dramatically, dropping his head to the table with a loud thud. “Like, just a kiss on the forehead and goodbye?? Like the fuck??!”

Jisung blinked at him, deadpan. “So… you’re mad your demon dick appointment didn’t cuddle you?”

Felix shot up, glaring. “YES! Is that too much to ask?!”

Jisung raised a brow. “Babe. He’s literally a sleep paralysis demon. What part of that screams ‘boyfriend material’ to you?”

Felix flung his arms out helplessly. “I don’t care! If you rearrange my spine and make me cry, minimum requirement is water and cuddles!”

Jisung stared at him for a solid three seconds before bursting out laughing. “Oh my god, you’re insane.”

“I’m not insane!” Felix protested, pouting hard. “Do you know what it’s like waking up sore, covered in cum, and alone?!”

“Sounds like a Tuesday for you.”

Felix gasped in offense, smacking Jisung’s arm across the table. “Rude!”

Jisung snickered. “Okay, but seriously. Are you hearing yourself right now? You’re out here thirsting over a literal demon.”

Felix slumped back into the booth, crossing his arms with a loud huff. “He said his name was Hyunjin,” he muttered, voice soft but oddly dreamy.

“Oh no,” Jisung groaned, dragging his hands down his face. “You’re in love with him.”

“I’m NOT!” Felix snapped, face turning red instantly.

“You are.”

Felix kicked him under the table. “I am NOT! I just—” he groaned, burying his face in his hands. “Ugh. Fine. Maybe I like him a little. But only because he’s hot. Like, insanely hot. And also, the sex was—holy shit.”

Jisung squinted at him. “I’m calling Minho. You need an exorcism.”

Felix peeked out from between his fingers, glaring. “You call Minho and I swear I’ll tell him about the time you got off to that one vampire anime.”

Jisung choked on his drink, eyes wide. “You wouldn’t.”

Felix smirked smugly. “Try me.”

Jisung defensively pointed a finger. “Noe is hot!”

-

Felix was back on his knees that night, hands clasped together, eyes squeezed shut in deep concentration like he was begging for the Lord himself to descend—except it wasn’t the Lord he wanted.

It was that demon.

“Okay, God, listen,” Felix mumbled under his breath, voice muffled by the way his face dipped into the sheets. “It’s me again. you and I both know I’m not exactly the praying type, so you better appreciate this. I am not—not—asking for him to rail me again… at least not first thing. I just wanna… talk. Have a civil conversation. Maybe throw a shoe at him. Then possibly—if I’m feeling nice—let him rail me after he learns what aftercare means.”

He huffed, peeking up at the ceiling like maybe heaven would send down a response. Nothing.

“I mean, seriously—who just vanishes after wrecking someone and thinks a forehead kiss counts as aftercare? My spine’s in two pieces, my legs still feel like overcooked spaghetti, and you think a lil’

smooch makes up for that?"

Felix adjusted his position, shifting from kneeling upright to leaning forward on his elbows, mumbling faster now as if speed would make his prayer more effective.

"I'll even let him off easy—just water, a blanket, a pat on the head—I'm not unreasonable, God. You give me him, I'll do the rest."

He flopped onto the bed dramatically, rolling onto his back with his arms stretched wide like he was ready to receive a holy blessing.

"Come onnnn, you gave him to me once. Just one more time. Pretty please. With, like… demon sprinkles on top."

He sat there in silence for a moment, then added, "And—uh—if he could maybe bring snacks this time, I wouldn't complain."

Somewhere in the back of his mind, Felix swore he felt the faintest whisper of that same presence from last night, and his heart skipped a beat. He shot upright, eyes darting around the room, a little grin tugging at his lips.

"Ohhh, you heard me didn't you?"

Then that familiar deep chuckle rolled through the room.

"Well, well, look at my little church boy—on his knees for me again."

Felix's head snapped up, and there he was. Hyunjin. Leaning casually against the wall like he owned the place, arms crossed, that smug smirk carved into his face.

Felix scrambled up, pointing accusingly. "You! Your in trouble!"

"Oh?" Hyunjin tilted his head, feigning innocence. "What did I do this time, babydoll? Ruin you too well?"

Felix's mouth dropped open. "You didn't do aftercare! you can't just—do all that—and then disappear! That's rude unethical demon behavior!"

Hyunjin pushed off the wall, stalking closer. "Ohhh… so you missed me."

“I—No! I missed giving you a piece of my mind!” Felix tried to back away, but Hyunjin’s hands were already sliding around his waist, pulling him in.

“That’s cute,” Hyunjin murmured, brushing his lips along felix’s jaw. “You kneel, pray, beg the heavens for me… all for a scolding? Sure, doll. Keep telling yourself that.”

Felix’s face burned. “I did! And—And I’m serious, I’m not—”

“Shhh.” Hyunjin’s smirk widened as his thumb traced over Felix’s hip. “How about this? I’ll give you all the aftercare you want… but you have to earn it.”

Felix blinked. “…Earn it?”

Hyunjin’s eyes glinted. “Mmhm. By saying my name. Loud enough for God to hear.”

Chapter 7: taki's

“so… I’ll have to prescribe you acetaminophen, a muscle relaxant, and —” the doctor hesitated, giving Felix a long, pitying stare, “—you need to schedule an appointment with the psychiatric department.”

Felix’s jaw dropped. “What? You don’t believe me?” His voice cracked, hoarse like sandpaper from all the screaming he’d done last night.

The doctor sighed, tapping his clipboard. “Mr. Lee, you arrived in an ambulance, saying, and I quote, ‘my sleep paralysis demon rearranged my spine.’ And now you’re in a wheelchair because you claim you can’t walk properly. Forgive me if I find it… questionable.”

Felix let out a frustrated groan, tugging dramatically at his messy hair. “But it happened! He actually dislocated something! Look—” he tried to gesture at his lower back, only to wince and hiss through his teeth when the chair shifted under him. “Ow! See?! that’s not mental illness, that’s demon dick related trauma!”

From the corner, Jisung buried his face in his hands, trying not to laugh. “lix stop saying that in front of a doctor who’s literally got certificates hung on a wall.”

Felix whipped around to glare at him, cheeks flushed bright red. “You didn’t hear him ji! He was like—‘say my name babydoll’—and then he just—” Felix slapped his hands together for emphasis, then immediately regretted it when his spine screamed. “—snapped me in half! Like a glow stick!”

The doctor pinched the bridge of his nose. “Mr. Lee, this is a hospital, not a confessional booth.”

“But it’s true!” Felix whined, voice cracking again. “He didn’t even give me aftercare! Just a forehead kiss and vanished into the shadows like some dramatic bitch! And now I can’t walk!”

The doctor scribbled something furiously on the chart. “Yes. Definitely psychiatric referral.”

Meanwhile, Jisung leaned against the wall, grinning ear to ear. “See? you sound insane dude. like certifiable.”

Felix pouted hard, folding his arms. “I hate you. I almost died last night.”

“Yeah,” Jisung muttered, snickering, “but at least you died getting railed by satan.”

Felix groaned, slumping in the chair dramatically, muttering under his breath. “God, if you’re listening, send him back tonight. I don’t care if my spine breaks again—I’ve got a whole lecture prepared.”

-

Jisung was pushing Felix’s wheelchair down the hospital hallway, the squeaky wheels echoing way too loud. Every single nurse, patient, and visitor was staring at them because Felix—of course—was practically screaming.

“Oh, trust me, that doctor can go get molested by a hairless goat for all I care!” Felix shouted, his voice cracking. “Calling me delusional?? Delusion my ass crack!”

A little old lady in a gown clutched her pearls as they rolled past. A nurse nearly choked on her coffee.

Jisung plastered on the fakest smile imaginable, bowing slightly to the staff as a half hearted apology. “Sorry! He’s… special needs,” he said through gritted teeth, then leaned down close to Felix’s ear. “Lix, if you don’t shut the fuck up right now, I’m leaving you in the psych ward I swear to god.”

Felix gasped, whirling around in his chair like jsung had just confessed murder. “You wouldn’t.”

“Oh I would.”

Before Felix could retaliate, his attention darted to the chemist counter they were passing. His eyes widened dramatically, and he pointed like a child spotting disneyland.

“Wait—Jisung—get me some Taki’s, please.”

Jisung blinked. “Hello? Babe. no. your throat was literally bleeding this morning.”

Felix pouted, giving him the full quivering bottom lip treatment.

“That’s because—”

“Yeah, yeah,” Jisung interrupted in a mocking sing-song, “because your demon boyfriend fucked you into hell and back. Blah blah blah.”

Felix’s jaw dropped in betrayal. “Oh, so now you don’t believe me?!”

Jisung rolled his eyes so hard it looked painful. “Lix, I do believe you. Because trust me, Minho rails me like he’s got a personal thing against my organs, and I’m 99% sure he’s a demon too.”

Felix paused, staring at him in stunned silence. “...oh my god. are we like—demon dick survivors? Is this a club?!”

“Shut. Up.” Jisung hissed, trying not to bark as a nurse snorted into her clipboard.

But Felix was already throwing his hands up like he’d just cracked a government conspiracy.

“No, ji, listen! This is serious! what if demons are just… really hot guys who sneak into your bed at night to rearrange your spine? What if Minho is one of them?!”

Jisung’s lips twitched. “That would explain a lot.”

Felix gasped again, grabbing his friend’s wrist dramatically. “We’re in too deep. They’re everywhere. We’re like… chosen ones.”

“Chosen ones with hemorrhoids,” Jisung muttered under his breath, shoving the wheelchair toward the exit.

“WHAT?!” Felix yelped, voice echoing down the corridor. “TAKE THAT BACK!”

“Never.”

Felix groaned loudly, throwing his head back like the tragic main character he was. “God, just strike me down. Or send my demon back so I can scold him properly. No one, and I mean no one, rails me into paralysis without providing snacks and cuddles after.”

“Snacks and cuddles…” Jisung repeated blankly. “You’re unhinged.”

Felix perked up instantly. “So you are getting me Taki’s?”

Jisung muttered something that sounded a lot like a prayer for

patience.

Chapter 8: slutty

Chapter Notes

⚠chapter contains: blow jobs, oral sex, sexual themes

"Minho? No… I don't know any other demon named Minho," Hyunjin replied lazily, hovering in midair like.

Felix scowled, arms crossed tight. "Darn it—I swear no human can be THAT jealous and protective over their partner. Minho will literally gouge my eyes out if he catches me staring at Jisung's beautiful ass."

Hyunjin arched a brow, smirk tugging at his lips. "so what I'm hearing is… you stare at Jisung's ass."

Felix choked. "THATS NOT THE POINT."

"Mhm." hyunjin hummed like he didn't believe a word. "So… we're not fucking tonight?"

Felix's glare could've melted steel. "NO. You LITERALLY dislocated my spine. Thanks to you, I can barely even jerk off now without wincing every second."

Hyunjin chuckled darkly, tilting sideways as he floated closer, lounging in the air. "That's too bad… but that doesn't mean I can't suck you off, does it?"

Felix's face ignited red instantly. "Oh my god—seriously, FUCK YOU."

Hyunjin grinned wider, holding his hands up in mock innocence. "What did I do?"

Felix threw a pillow at him—it phased right through. "If you're gonna say stuff like that, say it sexily! Don't say it like we're… we're—" he spluttered, cheeks burning hotter. "Like we're just fwb."

"fwb?" Hyunjin repeated slowly, tilting his head, clearly enjoying every second of Felix's meltdown.

"FRIENDS WITH BENEFITS." Felix snapped.

"Ahh." Hyunjin tapped his chin thoughtfully. "Then what are we?"

Felix froze, caught off guard. His lips parted, but no words came out. His brain short-circuited for a full three seconds before he blurted, “We’re—... we’re enemies with benefits.” He jabbed a finger accusingly at yunjin. “Yeah. That’s what this is.”

The demon’s smirk sharpened, eyes glowing faintly red. “Enemies with benefits, huh?” his voice dropped low, smooth as silk. “I like the sound of that.”

Felix swallowed hard, trying not to squirm under the weight of that stare.

Hyunjin drifted closer until his face was inches from Felix’s, lips curling into something wicked. “My apologies, then…” His voice was suddenly velvet, teasing and sinful. “My beautiful nemesis… would you like me to suck you off?”

Felix’s entire soul left his body. He slapped a hand over his face, groaning into his palm. “I hate you so much.”

Hyunjin’s laughter rumbled through the room, warm and dark. “Funny. that didn’t sound like a no.”

-

“Nghh—ah—w-wait—” Felix whimpered, his whole body trembling as his face burned red. His legs were twitching uselessly, spread open on the bed while the demon knelt between them like he owned him.

Hyunjin glanced up briefly, eyes glinting, before dragging his tongue slowly—tortiously slowly—up Felix’s length, licking around the tip like it was a lollipop.

Felix choked out a sound halfway between a whine and a gasp. “H-holy—fuck—” He screwed his eyes shut, trying to fight the pleasure that was already coiling tight in his stomach.

“Mmm.” Hyunjin hummed low in his throat, deliberately messy as his tongue circled the sensitive head again, collecting the slick. His lips wrapped around Felix’s cock, pulling a wet slurp before popping off with a smirk. “Sweet.”

Felix's hands flew down automatically, fingers tangling desperately in Hyunjin's dark hair. "St–top saying shit like that," he panted, tugging at the strands helplessly.

Hyunjin only chuckled, clearly savouring in his wrecked state. "Sensitive tonight, babydoll?"

Then, without warning, his tongue flicked sharply against Felix's tip—again and again—sending pleasure straight through him. Felix's back arched, his breath coming out in broken whimpers.

"F-fuck–H-hyunjin—" Felix's thighs quivered around the demon's shoulders, his voice cracking from how hard he was holding back the moans.

Hyunjin took him deeper this time, lips lolling around him, sucking hard enough that Felix saw stars. His throat worked as he swallowed, pulling more desperate cries out of the boy above him.

Felix's grip tightened in Hyunjin's hair, pulling, pushing, unsure if he wanted him closer or to shove him away. "D-don't—don't you dare make me cum this fast—" he gasped, trembling all over.

Hyunjin's eyes flicked up, full of mischief as his mouth stayed stuffed with Felix's cock. He deliberately hollowed his cheeks and gave one hard suck, smug as hell when Felix let out a strangled moan that echoed through the room.

Felix's head fell back against the pillows, eyes wide and glassy. "Y-you're such a f-fucking demon," he cried out, half in frustration, half in bliss.

Hyunjin pulled back just enough to murmur against the tip, lips glistening. "Exactly." Then he swallowed him down again.

-

Three days later

"I CAN'T KEEP DOING THIS SHIT!" Felix yelped, throwing his head back so hard in his wheelchair that a passing teen nearly dropped her lip balm. It had been three whole days since he last saw Hyunjin—and Felix was convinced he was losing his mind.

He couldn't even jerk off by himself anymore. every time his hand got anywhere close, he'd shiver and hear hyunjin's voice in his head, low and teasing, "say my name, babydoll…"

He'd even broken down last night and called Jeongin over just for some oral relief out of pure desperation. And sure, Jeongin had been great—heavenly, even—but it still wasn't the same. Felix craved the demon like a drug.

Behind him, Jisung groaned, pushing the wheelchair down the grocery store aisle. "Babe be for real right now. The doctors literally cleared you to walk again. Your spine is fine. You're just—" he lowered his voice as an elderly woman passed by, "—waiting for your little hellboy to show up and snap you in half again."

Felix crossed his arms with a dramatic glare, snatching a chocolate bar off the shelf as they rolled by. "Yes. And no."

"Yes and no?" Jisung echoed flatly.

Felix tore open the chocolate without paying for it. "yes, because obviously I want demon dick again. No, because I need to prove to him that I'm not dependent on it. I'm not just his stupid little toy." He shoved a piece of chocolate into his mouth and chewed furiously.

Jisung raised an eyebrow. "And how exactly do you plan to prove that?"

Felix's eyes lit up like he just discovered fire. "I'll call them all—Jeongin, Seungmin, Bangchan, Changbin—. we'll have an orgy. and then when hyunjin sees, he'll know I don't need him." He snapped, reaching for a family-sized bag of chips and tossing it into the basket on his lap.

Jisung stopped pushing the chair and just stared down at him, expression blank. "…An orgy. Your plan to get back at your demon nemesis is to have a five-man gangbang?"

Felix nodded furiously. "EXACTLY. That'll show him."

There was a long pause. Then Jisung burst out laughing so hard he nearly toppled over the cart. "Oh my fucking god. You're insane. You're literally insane."

Felix scowled, cheeks pink. "I'm serious! I'll do it. I'll prove to him I'm not desperate—" He bit into the chocolate again with a vengeful

crunch. “—and then when he begs me for my attention, I’ll decide if he deserves it.”

Jisung wiped tears from his eyes, still wheezing. “Lix hate to break it to you, but that just makes you look even more desperate.”

felix gasped, offended. “It does not! It makes me look powerful!”

“Yeah.” jisung deadpanned. “Powerful slutty.”

Felix threw the half-eaten chocolate at his head.

Chapter 9: down bad

Chapter Notes

⚠chapter contains: sex scene

See the end of the chapter for more notes

felix was stuffed.

Literally stuffed. His body felt like a buffet plate at an all-you-can-eat, and apparently, he was the main course.

Changbin and Bangchan were double-teaming him from behind, fucking him to the deepest points of his guts. Every thrust shoved him forward, deeper onto Jeongin's cock, which was currently fucking his throat raw. Tears spilled down his cheeks, his lashes clumped together, and drool dripped down his chin in messy strings.

And then there was Seungmin. The one person who'd promised he'd "participate." Except—of course—he was sitting smugly on the edge of the bed, fully clothed, sipping his soda like this was pay-per-view porn.

"Are you serious right now?" Felix tried to garble around Jeongin's cock, voice muffled. His words came out more like nghghhhnfffhh.

Seungmin shrugged. "Not my fault you gathered a gangbang and forgot to assign roles. I don't top." He sipped again, the straw obnoxiously loud.

Felix rolled his teary eyes before they rolled back into his skull as Jeongin shoved deeper. His throat was burning, gag reflex long gone, but his stubborn pride kept him from tapping out. I will NOT cum for the eighth time in front of these assholes, he told himself, even though his cock twitched angrily against his belly.

Changbin's grip tightened on his hips, bruising, as he groaned. "Fuck, Lixie—so fucking tight even after all this." His words were followed by a brutal thrust that knocked the air out of Felix.

Bangchan chuckled behind him, sweat dripping down his temple. "Mm, he's built for this. look at him—falling apart."

Felix tried to flip them off, but Jeongin caught his wrist and shoved it

back down, using the angle to fuck his mouth deeper.

Tears streamed harder as Felix gagged around him, throat convulsing. He wanted to scream, to cuss them all out, to tell Seungmin he was the worst fucking friend ever for sitting this out—but all that came out were wet, choked whimpers.

His body was on fire, overstimulated, shaking, his mind screaming at him to hold out just a little longer. One more thrust. One more stroke. Just—don't—don't let them see you break again—

But the knot in his stomach was already pulling tight, hot and unbearable, and Felix knew—deep down—he was doomed.

Felix wouldn't deny it—he fucking loved getting ruined by people he hated. It was his worst-kept secret, his most toxic kink. That's why Hyunjin always hit so deep. He hated Hyunjin's smirk, his arrogance, his perfect face—and maybe that's exactly why it felt so good when jyunjin was the one splitting him open.

But hyunjin wasn't here.

So Felix tried. He tried to push that hate onto everyone else in the room, tried to bite down on disgust, to sharpen his heart into a blade and stab it toward whoever touched him next. He told himself he should hate them all the same way. He needed to. That was the game. That was what got him off.

But then there was Chan.

Bangchan, with his too-gentle hands and that stupid softness in his eyes that Felix couldn't ever quite spit on. Chan wasn't like the others, and that made it almost physically impossible to hate him.

Then there—he heard it.

"Trying to make me jealous now huh?"

Hyunjin's voice. Low, teasing, smug.

Felix's whole body jolted, his throat gagging around Jeongin's cock, but the younger only gripped his hair tighter, forcing him to sink deeper. Tears brimmed at the corners of his eyes, dripping down his cheeks as he choked, the sound messy, obscene.

From the doorway, hyunjin leaned casually against the frame,

watching with a tilted head like he was enjoying a private show.

"Well..." Hyunjin drawled, tone sharp with amusement, "...it's working."

Felix whined, muffled around Jeongin's length, desperate and embarrassed at being caught like this.

Hyunjin chuckled, the kind of sound that slithered under Felix's skin and made his stomach twist. "But then again..." His steps were slow as he moved closer, boots clicking against the floor, "...how could I ever be jealous, baby, when you look so fucking gorgeous like this? On your knees, drooling, choking—" he crouched low, his lips nearly brushing Felix's ear as Jeongin kept using his mouth mercilessly, "—getting fucked by someone else like you were made for it."

Felix squeezed his eyes shut, humiliated heat crawling up his throat, while Hyunjin's words wrapped around him like a collar.

-

"That fucking jerk," Felix muttered into his pillow, muffled and bitter.

He was sprawled on the bed, hair a sweaty mess, sheets twisted around his body. chan had tucked him in just an hour ago, the so-called aftercare king. felix had gotten the royal treatment: warm washcloth to clean him up, soft kisses on his forehead, whispered praise against his hairline, a bottle of water pressed into his hands, and cuddles that made his chest ache with.

And he hated it.

Or—no. He didn't hate it. He hated that he liked it. He hated that it wasn't Hyunjin giving it.

Felix rolled over with a loud groan, burying his face into the pillow before ripping it back up to snarl at the ceiling. "Proper aftercare. Proper! Was that so hard?!" He threw his arms dramatically in the air, nearly knocking the empty water glass off his nightstand.

Hyunjin never did any of that. The bastard would just wreck him, maybe toss a lazy kiss on the forehead if Felix was lucky, and then

vanish like smoke. No cuddles. No gentle words. No water. Nothing.

And Felix would lie there, ruined and twitching, cursing the demon's name while secretly craving him harder than before.

He pressed the pillow to his chest now, growling under his breath.

My plan didn't even work. He wasn't jealous. Not a bit. Who the fuck just stands there watching their... their—

Felix stumbled over the word, flushing even though he was alone, His legs kicked weakly under the sheets, tantrum-style.

He's the worst. Kink master my ass. He doesn't even blink at a gangbang?!

But then the memory hit him again—Hyunjin's voice from the doorway, smooth and smug, whispering in his ear while Jeongin fucked his throat raw.

'How could I ever be jealous when you look so fucking gorgeous like this?'

Felix shivered. His thighs squeezed together under the blankets before he forced them apart with a frustrated groan. "NO. Nope. Not thinking about that. Not getting hard over that. He's a jerk. A smug, arrogant, emotionally-stunted, can't-even-hold-a-water-bottle demon."

Silence fell over the room.

Then Felix whined into his pillow, muffled and desperate. "...god, I want him so bad."

Chapter End Notes

do we like this fic so far? :b

Chapter 10: kink

Felix sat crisscross on the edge of his bed, arms folded so tightly across his chest it was a wonder he didn't snap in half. His pout was lethal—cheeks puffed, lips pursed, brows scrunched down like he was about to curse Hyunjin.

Hyunjin floated just a few feet away, lounging in the air like it was his personal couch. "Come on babydoll," he drawled, "you can't seriously be blaming me for that, hm?"

Felix's pout deepened, chin jerking stubbornly away.

Hyunjin tilted his head, grin widening. "Don't pout at me. you looked so sexy like that, choking on their cocks, drooling all over yourself—" His tongue flicked across his bottom lip deliberately. "You're lucky I even have self-control."

"SHUT UP, YOU IDIOT!" Felix shrieked, face burning scarlet as he snatched up the nearest pillow and hurled it. It went straight through Hyunjin's chest like mist, collapsing onto the floor with a pathetic thump.

The demon snickered, utterly unbothered. "Cute. Real cute." He leaned forward in the air, chin resting on his hand. "But don't start a fight you won't win, doll. You're red already, and I haven't even touched you."

"God, you're insufferable." Felix buried his face in his knees, muffled whining spilling out. "You could've—you know—AT LEAST acted jealous! Pretended a little! Anything!"

"Oh?" Hy\unjin's laugh was low like he was savoring a good glass of wine. "Is that what my little brat wanted?"

Felix's head shot up, eyes blazing. "DON'T call me that!"

"Mm," Hyunjin hummed, ignoring him entirely, "you wanted me to storm in, throw everyone off of you, snarl about how you're mine and only mine, yeah?" He stretched lazily, like he was quoting from a script. "You wanted drama. A good old-fashioned jealous demon tantrum."

Felix's ears went pink. "…so what if i did." he glared.

Hyunjin grinned wickedly. “Alright then.” He cleared his throat and dropped his tone into something dark, full of mock menace. His eyes glowed faintly as he spoke.

“How dare you let other men touch what’s mine. If I even see another man’s finger on your hair, I’ll tear them apart. If anyone so much as looks at you the wrong way, I’ll rip their throat out and paint your walls with their blood.”

Felix froze, wide-eyed.

Hyunjin leaned closer, his smirk sharp. “Was that better?”

Felix sputtered, clutching at his blanket like it was armor. “YOU—YOU’RE SUCH A PSYCHO! Who even—Who even SAYS shit like that?!”

Hyunjin licked his teeth, satisfied. “Demons, babydoll.”

Felix’s cheeks flamed hotter. “I didn’t mean THAT kind of jealous!”

“But that’s the only kind I know.” Hyunjin’s voice lowered to a dangerous purr, the glow in his eyes intensifying. “Do you really want me to show you just how jealous I can be?”

Felix’s stomach flipped violently.

Hyunjin’s fingers kept wandering, impossibly close but enough to make Felix squirm. He leaned closer, letting his lips brush Felix’s ear, his voice a teasing rasp.

“You know, doll… you can pretend to be mad all you want, but your body’s telling the truth.”

Felix groaned, trying to twist away, but Hyunjin’s hands were suddenly everywhere—one tracing the line of his jaw, the other creeping over his hip, sliding just under the waistband of his shorts.

“I said NO,” Felix gasped, voice cracking, his face burning red. “I’m STILL mad at you!”

Hyunjin chuckled darkly, lips grazing his shoulder. “good. i like a brat.”

Felix’s hands fisted the sheets. Every nerve was alight, betraying his words. He opened his mouth to protest again, but Hyunjin’s fingers slipped lower, teasing, just touching where he knew felix was already

dripping.

“You’re lucky I have patience… for now,” Hyunjin whispered, voice velvety and dangerous. “But maybe, just maybe… I’ll teach you what happens when you say no but feel yes.”

—

“Babe you seriously said no and now you’re complaining to me about dripping??” Jisung groaned, rubbing his temples like he was a tired single mom.

“HEY— I HAD EVERY RIGHT TO BE MAD.” Felix practically slammed his iced coffee so hard the straw bent.

“Felix, I swear to fucking god—” Jisung’s jaw tightened, his fake smile plastered on as he noticed customers turning their heads. “-next time you scream like that in public, I’ll gag you with the straw.”

Felix leaned in, whisper-yelling, “Ok but like—I didn’t expect him to just walk away. Everyone knows when I say no to sex I mean ‘fuck me whether I like it or not’!” he pouted.

“Maybe non-con isn’t his kink, dumbass. Not everyone has the same nasty deranged kinks you do Lix,” jisung shot back, sipping his latte.

felix scoffed so loud heads turned again. “gfirst of all, don’t act like you don’t have a piss kink—”

jisung choked on his drink. “I—SHUT UP—”

“And secondly,” Felix dragged out the word, stabbing the table with his finger, “he literally fucked me without consent the FIRST time. So excuse me if I’m confused why suddenly he’s acting like Mr. respectful boundaries!”

Jisung blinked at him. “…You do realise how insane you sound right?”

“Insane? Ji I’ve always been consistently slutty.” felix tossed his hair back, like that somehow proved his point.

Jisung sighed heavily, leaning back with hi s arms crossed. “So what,

is this just gonna be a sex thing between you two? Because last time I checked you cried for two whole days when jeongin told you he was only into fucking and not an actual relationship."

Felix froze mid-glare, his lips parting like he'd just been smacked with a memory. "...Oh yeah." His face scrunched up, brows furrowing as his brain scrambled. "Wait—but like… he's a demon. Do demons even do dates? Like, do they do the whole flowers-and-movies thing, or is it just blood and bending people over tables?"

Jisung deadpanned. "You're deflecting."

Felix waved him off, puffing his cheeks like a sulky kid. "no no because that's an actual valid question! Maybe demons don't even do relationships, maybe they just—" He caught himself, lips snapping shut before he could keep spiraling. His cheeks heated as his eyes darted to the side. "…WAIT. No. I'm still mad at him."

He crossed his arms with a dramatic huff, kicking his foot against the floor. "He doesn't just get to walk around all smug and teasing like nothing happened."

Jisung raised a brow. "Uh-huh. And yet you haven't shut up about him for the last twenty minutes."

Chapter 11: whip

Felix groaned, toes curling as his orgasm ripped through him, hot and messy. He let go of his still aching cock, chest heaving, sweat damp on his temples. This was the ninth time tonight. Ninth. His body felt drained but somehow, the ache between his legs never stopped.

Ever since Hyunjin showed up in his life, it was like his dick had been cursed—more sensitive, more desperate, like it was constantly begging for more.

He collapsed back against his pillows, staring at the ceiling like it had all the answers. Around him, the battlefield was shamefully obvious. Scrunched-up tissues streaked with cum, his sheets damp and sticking to his skin. He groaned again, dragging his clean hand down his face, trying not to think about how pathetic it looked.

“Fucking hell,” he muttered, voice cracking.

It had been four days. Four entire goddamn days without a single visit from that smug demon. No sharp-tongued remarks, no mocking touches, no smug smirk leaning into his space. Nothing. Just silence. Felix couldn’t tell if it was punishment or some twisted game, but either way, he was losing. His body was betraying him—burning up at night, leaking, twitching, desperate to be touched. It didn’t matter how much he jerked off—his cock only wanted one thing, and it wasn’t his hand.

And ignoring the minor fact that he failed miserably at trying to piss Hyunjin off by getting gangbanged—yeah, still, curse that asshole. He deserved it.

Chan had been too busy with work lately. Changbin got himself a girlfriend, of all things, which meant no more late-night “stress relief” with him. Seungmin somehow found himself a boyfriend—Jeongin. And fuck jeongin for that.

Felix scoffed bitterly, throwing an empty tissue box at the floor. “Stupid hypocrite,” he hissed under his breath.

Because wasn’t it Jeongin who had been all ‘I don’t do relationships, don’t catch feelings, blah blah blah’? Yeah. Well, now he was glued to Seungmin’s side, smiling like a lovesick idiot. And the cherry on top? Jeongin was the one who told Felix they couldn’t fuck anymore. He

ended it. Not Felix. But somehow, Jeongin made it sound like Felix was the clingy one, as if Felix hadn't been perfectly fine with their casual arrangement.

Well—maybe not perfectly fine, but that wasn't the point.

Now Felix was alone, hard and aching. Every time he closed his eyes, he didn't see Jeongin, or Seungmin, or anyone else. Just Hyunjin. his stupid smirk, his glowing eyes, his hands that always knew exactly where to press until felix was trembling.

"God I hate you," Felix whispered into the dark, though the needy way his cock twitched at the thought told a very different story.

Felix quickly wiped himself down, cleaning up all the cum splattered across his thighs, muttering under his breath at how sticky and gross it felt. He balled the tissues up and tossed them off the bed, not even caring where they landed. All he wanted was to pass out and forget the night. Just close his eyes, sleep it off, and pretend none of this ever happened.

But the moment his head hit the pillow, it was war. His body was heavy, exhausted, but his brain wouldn't shut up. He lay there, staring at the ceiling, every stupid thought slamming into him one after another.

Why did I even let him touch me? Why the hell did I like it? Why can't I stop thinking about him?

He rolled onto his side. Then his stomach. Then back onto his back again. Eeyes squeezed shut, covers kicked off, then dragged back up. Still awake.

Two hours gone. His phone lit up once, a notification buzzing on his nightstand, but he ignored it. Instead, he just pressed his palms into his eyes until colors burst behind his eyelids.

Maybe if I just lie here still enough… maybe I'll trick myself into passing out.

Didn't work.

By the fourth hour, his sheets were a mess from how much he kept shifting around. He groaned into his pillow, muffling a curse, legs kicking weakly like a restless kid. His chest felt tight, his throat dry. He even tried counting sheep at one point—gave up after he hit a

hundred and still felt wide awake.

And then, before he knew it, the black outside his window started to turn blue. Birds started chirping. The streetlamps clicked off one by one. His phone screen glowed again—this time with the clock mocking him.

6:00 A.M.

Felix let out a bitter laugh, dragging a hand down his face. “Great. Just great. didn’t sleep a damn second.”

—

Three days later:

“Lix, you look fucking horrifying. I’m scared,” Jisung muttered, side-eyeing Felix.

Felix’s only response was a deadly glare that, paired with the dark circles under his eyes, made him look less like a threat and more like a cursed raccoon. His lips were cracked, hair sticking up in a dozen directions, and his hoodie was so wrinkled it looked like it had survived the apocalypse.

Felix was barely alive. No—scratch that—he was too alive. He hadn’t slept in three days. Three. Days. That’s seventy-two hours without so much as a nap, and his body was about two sighs away from complete collapse. Not to mention: it had been over a week since Hyunjin last touched him, a week since felix had gotten fucked at all, and considering felix was hypersexual on a cycle of needing it daily, this was basically torture.

Sexual starvation.

“Thank god for Chan,” Felix croaked, leaning dramatically on the shopping cart like it was the only thing keeping him upright. “My sweet, merciful, considerate, too-kind-for-his-own-good king. He’s coming over tonight. I’ll survive. I’ll make it. I won’t die.”

Jisung snorted. “You sound like a horny victorian poet.”

Felix ignored him, dragging his sneakers against the floor like a zombie. “Chan never says no. Never. He won’t let me suffer like this.”

“Yeah, because he has a guilt complex,” Jisung muttered under his breath. “Not because he’s dying to rail your ass every time you crook your finger at him.”

Felix perked up just slightly. “See? That’s why I love him.”

Both of them were currently wandering down a random aisle, their basket already stacked with suspicious items. Felix barely registered what was in it—he was too busy yawning every five seconds, head bobbing like he might fall asleep standing up if only his brain would let him. His body was screaming for rest, but his mind was stuck awake, tormenting him with the same face, the same voice, the same smug demon smirk.

Every time he closed his eyes, Hyunjin was there. Pressing into him. Whispering in his ear. Telling him he was his.

It made sleep impossible. As if sleep wasn’t already impossible in the first place.

Jisung held up a sleek leather whip from the display, inspecting it like he was picking out a kitchen utensil. “So, uh… this one says premium quality. probably hurts like hell.”

Felix blinked at him through half-lidded eyes. “Ji. you’re not even trying to lie anymore. just admit it’s for minho to spank you with.”

Jisung gasped, clutching his chest in fake offense. “Excuse me? I told you—it’s for swatting flies.”

Felix gave him the driest look in history. “…No one buys a sex whip to kill flies.”

Jisung smirked, unbothered, tossing the whip into the basket. “Well, the flies in my apartment are freaky.”

Felix groaned, dragging his body down the aisle like he’d aged fifty years in the span of three days. His hoodie sleeves swallowed his hands, his jeans hung off his hips, and his eyes looked like they hadn’t seen joy since 2005. He yawned again, jaw cracking, stumbling a little before catching himself on the shelf.

“God, I’m so fucking tired,” Felix muttered, voice hoarse, “but the second I close my eyes, he’s there. smirking. touching me. I can’t sleep ji. I can’t even breathe without thinking of him.”

“Or maybe,” Jisung said, throwing a bag of chips into the cart, “you’re just a horny masochist who’s going through demon dick withdrawals.”

Felix let out a dramatic gasp, clutching his chest. “How dare you reduce me to that. I am a complex human being with layers of emotion and dignity—”

“You’re literally shopping for lube, chocolate, and a vibrator in the same trip.”

“…Okay, but that’s survival, not desperation,” Felix mumbled, snatching the vibrator off the shelf and dropping it in the basket. His face scrunched, eyes fluttering half-shut as he leaned on the cart again. “Fuck. I swear ji, if hyunjin doesn’t show up soon, I’m going to…” He trailed off, too tired to finish the sentence, head thumping down onto his folded arms.

“Die dramatically in the middle of a walmart?” jisung offered.

felix groaned into his sleeve. “Yes. exactly that.”

Chapter 12: so good

Chapter Notes

⚠chapter contains: sex scene

"Channie—ah—ngh, so deep—" Felix moaned, his voice breaking into a high-pitched whine that echoed off the walls, way louder than usual.

Chan's grip on his thighs tightened, keeping Felix folded in half beneath him, completely helpless. "Gosh, you're so tight felix—relax a little yeah?" chan murmured, sweat dripping down his temple as he snapped his hips forward again, right into that spot that made Felix see stars.

Felix clawed at the sheets, head tossing side to side. His back arched beautifully, little gasps spilling out uncontrollably. But more than anything, he was making sure every moan, every cry, every needy whimper was loud enough to echo just in case a certain demon was listening.

"Channie–so good, fuck me harder please—" Felix begged, voice trembling, lips parted and wet as his cock twitched against his stomach, dripping. His eyes fluttered open, half-lidded, staring at Chan with fake innocence as his words rang out louder than they needed to.

Chan groaned, the sound low and deep in his chest. He obeyed, hips snapping harder, rougher, but still careful.

"God, Felix... you're taking me so well," chan muttered through clenched teeth, lowering himself closer, folding Felix even tighter.

Felix shivered, whining, his voice rising again just for effect. "Ahh—yes–right there—fuck channie! you're making me feel so good—better than anyone—" His words cracked into a cry, exaggerated but still painfully true in the moment. His whole body was trembling, legs trembling where chan held them open, and every moan came out desperate, like he wanted to be overheard.

Chan buried his face in Felix's neck, groaning at the praise, but Felix tilted his head back dramatically, eyes fluttering shut, a hand pressed against the headboard like he was putting on a performance. Because he was.

"Channie–harder please, don't stop—nghhh–" Felix wailed, cock leaking messily against his stomach, thighs clenching around Chan's broad shoulders. He was shameless, needy, and oh-so loud, each sound another dagger aimed straight at the demon who still hadn't shown his face.

Chan slammed into him again, breath heavy in his ear. "You're gonna lose your voice at this rate baby," he teased, hips still relentless.

Felix just threw his head back and moaned even louder—raw, shameless, desperate—hoping, praying Hyunjin could hear every second of it.

Felix just threw his head back and moaned even louder—raw, shameless, desperate—hoping, praying Hyunjin could hear every second of it.

And oh... he did.

The air shifted and then it came. that voice. smooth, dark, curling into the room like smoke.

"Enjoying yourself a little too much, babydoll?" Hyunjin's tone slithered, velvet and venom all at once.

Felix's body jolted, a high, broken moan tearing out of his throat before he could stop it—half from Chan's deep thrusts and half from the demon's voice licking over his skin like fire.

"Is he better than me?" Hyunjin asked, a whisper at the edge of Felix's sanity.

Felix's nails dug into the sheets, his whole body shaking as he screamed, "YES—CHANNIE—AHH—SO FUCKING GOOD—"

The sound of Hyunjin's laugh followed, low and dark, so close it made Felix's stomach twist. His face was nowhere—no glowing eyes, no smirk—just the voice, taunting, dripping with control.

"Guess you can last another week without me then, hm?" Hyunjin teased.

"NO—nghhh—" Felix whimpered instantly, too loud, too desperate. Chan froze above him, thrusts halting.

"Felix?" Chan's voice broke through, panicked, gentle, nothing like hyunjins. His hands loosened their grip, worry flooding his features. "Oh gosh—was that too much? Too rough? God I'm so sorry—" He pulled back slightly, his broad chest heaving, eyes wide with guilt.

Felix's throat tightened, the burn of unshed tears prickling his eyes. he wasn't crying because Chan hurt him—Chan never could—but because the demon's game was working. hHyunjin had him tangled, cornered, humiliated. His own body betrayed him, still clenching desperately around Chan, still twitching for more.

All Felix could do was cover his face with one trembling hand, torn between sobbing, screaming, and begging.

—

"THAT FUCKING STUPID UGLY HOT BITCHASS ADOPTED FATHERLESS UNLOVED CUNTASS WANNABE MOTHERFUCKER—" Felix screamed, face buried so deep in Jisung's pillow it was a miracle he could still breathe. The words came out muffled and hoarse from how much he'd been yelling.

Jisung sat stiffly beside him, arms awkwardly crossed until finally, very carefully, he slid a yogurt cup across the bed like it was a peace offering. "...uh. Strawberry yogurt? It'll... calm you down?"

Felix lifted his red face from the pillow just long enough to glare at him like he'd just suggested drinking bleach. "Do I look like I want fucking YOGURT right now?"

"Yes," Jisung deadpanned, shoving the cup in Felix's hand before he could protest further.

They were currently perched on Jisung's bed, but it was far from private. It had taken literal hours of pleading, dramatic crying, and desperate promises for Minho to even allow Felix inside the apartment in the first place. And even then, the rules were strict: no closed doors, no suspicious noises, no "funny business." Which meant right now, through the crack of the open bedroom door, they had a perfect view of Minho sitting stone-cold on the couch, glaring over with arms crossed, one cat purring smugly in his lap.

Every time Felix so much as leaned an inch too close to Jisung, Minho's eyes narrowed like a hawk.

Felix flung himself back on the bed dramatically, arms spread like he was being crucified. "WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO FUCKING DO DUDE. TELL ME. HOW DO I WIN AGAINST A DEMON WHO JUST VANISHES FOR DAYS AND THEN SHOWS UP TO RUIN MY ENTIRE LIFE?!"

"Uh..." Jisung's mouth twitched as he tried to come up with something remotely helpful. "Maybe—and I'm just throwing this out there—you... don't get desperate over a literal demon?"

The pillow smacked him in the face before he even finished the sentence.

"NO," Felix screeched, kicking his feet against the bed like an angry child, yogurt forgotten on the blanket. "I CAN'T LET THAT STUPID EMO BASTARD WIN OVER ME. I WON'T. FUCKASS DEMON."

From the couch, Minho's voice cut sharp and flat, just loud enough to reach them. "Keep his voice down before I throw him out the window, jisung."

Felix froze, then buried his face back in the pillow with another muffled scream.

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